

Thomas The Tank Engine and Friends Season 4 Transcript

Granpuff

One winter's night when the cold wind blew. The engines found it hard to sleep.

"What we need," suggested Toby, "Is to listen to a story." "A mysterious story," said Percy. "But," added Duck, "It must have a happy ending." "Driver told me a story," said Thomas, So everyone listened.

"Once upon a time," Began Thomas. "There were three little engines who lived in their own little shed on their own little railway, Their names with Duke, Stuart and Falcon." Duke was the oldest and named after his grace the Duke of Sodor. He was proud of this and love to keep the little engines in order. Whenever they did anything that Duke thought wrong, He would say "That would never suit his grace." Other engines came and went, but Duke outlasted them all.

Staurt And Falcon used to call him Granpuff. They were fond of him, but they got very tired of hearing all about his grace, Sometimes they would tease them and chant. "Engines come engines go Granpuff goes on forever." "You impertinent scallywags," Duke would say.

"Whatever you engines coming to." "Nevermind Granpuff, we're only young ones." "Well, you better mind unless you want to end up like Smudger." "Oh Granpuff, Whatever happened."

"Smudger," said Duke. "Was a show off. He rode roughly and often came off the rails.

I warned them to be careful but took no notice." "Listen Dukey who worries about a few spills?"

"We do here," I said but Smudger just laughed. "HEHEHEHEH!!!"

"Until one day manager said he was going to make him useful at last, Smudger stopped laughing then." "Why? What did he do?" "He turned him into a generator. He's still there behind our shed. He'll never move again."

After that, Stuart and Falcon became really useful engines. And all three were happy together.

Then hard times came the mines in the hills closed, and the railway was closed too, people came to buy the engines, "We'll take Stuart and Falcon," No one wanted Duke. They thought him too old. "Cheer up Granpuff," called Stuart. "We'll find you a nice railway and then you can come and keep us in order." They tried to be brave and cheerful, but no one really thought their dreams would come true.

Duke's Driver and Fireman oiled and greased him one last time. He sheeted him snugly, and said goodbye. They had to go away and find work. Duke was alone. "Oh, well. I'll go to sleep.

It'll help pass the time." Winter torrents washed soils from the hills. Trees and bushes grew all around. You wouldn't have known the shed was there, let alone a little engine asleep inside.

"That's not a happy ending." exclaimed, Percy. "Ah," murmured Thomas sleepily, "There will be, but that'll have to wait until next time."

Sleeping Beauty

It was a beautiful moonlit night on the Island of Sodor. The day's work was done and all the engines puff safely home. "Thomas," whispered Percy "Will you tell us the end of the story?" "You mean the one about Duke The Lost Engine?" "Exactly," said Henry. "But," added James, "Please remind us of the story so far." So Thomas began and here is the rest of the story. He told Duke was old and lived with two young engines called Stuart and Falcon. They teased Duke and called him Granpuff, but they were happy together. Then their line was closed down and the young engines went away. Duke was left alone in the shed. He went to sleep and everything around him changed, but Duke was never forgot.

Years went by until one day not long ago, visitors came to see The Fat Controller. "We want to find Duke," they said, "And make him happy again." Maps lay everywhere. "If we follow the old line shown here on the map," they said, "We'll travel north of the village and then into the mountains. And look, there's a sign for the old station. If Duke's anywhere, he's there." Everyone set off to the mountains far away. The days went by him a search grew harder, but the rescuers wouldn't give up. "Let's go this way," they said. There was still no sign of Duke. "He's here somewhere," they said. they scrambled over hills struggled over ditches. At last, their search ended, by accident.

"We found him. We found our Sleeping Beauty." "Excuse me," enquired Duke, "Are you a vandal? Driver told me vandals break and smash things." "Bless you no," laughed The Rescuers. "We've dropped in because we couldn't find your door. Falcon and Stuart will be pleased to see you." "So they did remember," sighed Duke happily. And they all set off to Duke's new home.

Stuart and Falcon we're ready with a big welcome. "He's here," they whispered. "SSHHH!" "You woke me up," grumbled Duke. "And my young days engines were..." "Seen and not heard Granpuff we know. We'll all be back to work tomorrow. We're glad you've come back. We can keep you in order now." "Keep me in order. Be off with you. impudent, scallywags," murmured Duke, But his old eyes twinkled, and for the first time in years, he smiled as he dozed in the sun. "And that," said Thomas, "Is the whole story. Did you like it?" "Yes indeed," agree the engines, "especially the happy ending," and soon they were all asleep too.

Bulldog

One morning Percy was impatient. He was wearing a new coat of paint and longed for everyone to see it. The other engines were still dozing. But not Percy. "Driver should be here by now. What's he doing?" "Sleeping," grunted Gordon. "But that means I'll be late. The coaches will be waiting and the passengers will get cross." "Rubbish," huffed Henry. "It's still early," added James. "You just want to show off." "No, I don't." "Never mind Percy," said Thomas. "It'll soon be time for work. But be careful or you might run into danger. And Duke is not here to save you." "D-D-Duke," stuttered Toby. "Y-You mean our hero." A large painting of Duke hung in the engine shed. "The very same," said Thomas. "Driver told me the story listen." And this is the story Thomas told them

Long ago when Peter Sam was still called Stuart. and Sir Handel, Falcon They worked with Duke on his old railway, but Falcon still had a lot to learn. The manager came to see him. "Falcon. I'm pleased with your work so far. Now you must learn a difficult part of the line. We call it a mountain road." Falcon was excited. "Yes please sir." So tomorrow," continued the manager. "When you have a new coat of paint you will go on it. Duke will explain everything." "Huh!" thought Falcon, "Duke's an old fusspot."

The next day came "Listen," warned Duke. "The mountain road is difficult. I'll lead." "No," replied Falcon. "I'll lead. How can I learn the route with you lumbering ahead and blocking the view?"

"Suit yourself," said Duke, "But never mind the view. Look at the track."

The engines set off, "Look at the track, puffed Duke. "Never mind the view." "Fusspot, Fusspot," replied Falcon, "Fuddy-Duddy, Fuddy-Duddy, Fuddy-Duddy."

The engine's speed grew slower and slower, "Don't dawdle don't dawdle," urged Falcon. "No hurry no hurry." puffed Duke.

Soon they approached the tunnel. Falcon didn't like the tunnel it was curved and he couldn't see. "I want to get out I want to get out." he sighed. One moment everything seems safe then suddenly,

Falcon was derailed and hung dangerously over the edge. Duke bravely held on with all his strength.

"Stop shaking," He called. "I can't hold you if you shake." Duke's driver and fireman worked quickly to make the two engines safe again. Then came more trouble, "Water!" cried Duke's firemen. "Duke needs water quickly." Luckily there was a workman's cottage nearby. Soon everyone was passing jugs, buckets, kettles and saucepans filled with water until Duke's thirst was quenched. All the while Duke was building more strength, At last with everyone's help. He was able to pull Falcon back onto the rails.

Then they started off once more. The manager was waiting at the top station He apologised for the accident. "Your Duke," said the passengers "is a hero. He stood firm like a bulldog, and wouldn't let go." Falcon was grateful too. "Thank you for saving me Duke. I don't know why you bothered after I've been so rude." "Oh well," replied Duke. "You just out a new coat of paint. It would have been a pity if you'd have rolled down the mountain and spoiled it."

You Can't Win

Duke is the hero of all the engines. This is a story about him. It happened long ago when Peter Sam was called Stuart and Sir Handel Falcon. Many people came year after year to see the mountains and the lakes and most of all, Duke.

He always pulled his train. Even on days when he didn't feel well. "I mustn't disappoint my friends." He would say.

Every morning he took his passengers up the line and stopped anywhere they wanted. "Peep Peep," he whistled. "Please be ready when I come back for you. Otherwise you might miss your boat to the mainland and that would never do."

One day, Duke didn't feel well. He was short of steam and glad of a rest. His driver and fireman had just finished clearing his tubes when Stuart bustled in. "Hello Granpuff," he teased. "Are you short of puff?" "Nothing of the sort. This is routine maintenance." "Tell me what," went on Stuart. "You're getting old, we must take care of you in case you break down."

"Humph!" boasted Duke. "That'll be the day."

Duke couldn't stay cross for long. It was a lovely evening. "Couldn't be better, couldn't be better." He chanted happily. He began to climb but Duke didn't mind. "I've plenty of Steam," he puffed. "We'll be up in a couple of puffs." But soon Duke's puffs changed to wheezes his valves were leaking steam. "It's not so easy. It's not so easy," he croaked, "But I'll manage." At last they reached the station. Duke's driver examined him carefully. Anxious passengers waited for news. "Duke is going to take you to the harbour but he might be late," said the guard. "So two engines are coming to help. You'll still catch your boat."

Falcon buffered up in front, "Poor old Granpuff, What a shame you've broken down." "Peep Peep Pip!" teased Stuart. "This is the day," He was coupled on behind. "Are you ready?" whistled Falcon. "Yes, I am. replied Stuart." And away they went.

When they reach the next station the cavalcade split up. Falcon took Duke's passengers to the boat. Stuart headed Falcon's train with Duke couple behind. "Fancy me rescuing Granpuff. This is the day this is the day," he boasted. "Poor old engine poor old engine," but Duke still had plenty of steam left in him. His valves sounded worse than they were. He and his driver had their own little joke ready. They waited until they reach the hill. "Now!" said his driver, Duke puffed and roared as though he was pushing the whole train's weight before him. The noise echoed everywhere

When they reached the last station, everyone cheered. "What happened?" asked a boy, "They don't usually need two engines." "Well," replied his father, "Stuart broke down. Duke had to help him, sounds as if he had a hard job too," Duke and his driver's joke had worked. "Fiddlesticks!" exclaimed Stuart and he vanished in a cloud of steam. Duke wheezed alongside, "Poor old engine," he teased, "It's no good Stuart. You can't win."

Four Little Engines

If you should visit a place that has a lake in the woods and a beautiful waterfall, then you may also find two little engines called Skarloey and Rheneas, The engines know everybody and everybody knows them. There are two more engines, Sir Handel and Peter Sam. They used to be called Stuart and Falcon. But they like that new names better.

One day The Fat Controller sent Edward to the works to be mended. A big surprise. awaited Edward. "It's Skarloey, What's he doing here?" Skarloey was pleased to see Edward. "I've been sent here for the rest." he said. "I was put in the shed so that I could see everything and not be lonely. But I do miss Rheneas, he's going to be mended. I wish I could be mended to and pull coaches again." Just then some workmen arrived

"We're going to take you to the works now Edward come along."

"Goodbye Skarloey your railway is a lovely line." "Oh it is it is. You've cheered me up Edward. Goodbye."

Meanwhile, Sir Handel was having trouble with some coaches. He tried to be kind but the coaches didn't trust him. They were awkward and rude. There was worse to come. Some Kohler Sheep had strayed onto the line. "He's bumped us," screamed the coaches "Let's pay him out." They surged into Sir Handel and pushed them off the rails. No one was hurt. But Sir Handel limped sadly to the shed.

"No more work. for you today." Said his driver, "How are we going to pull the visitor's train without an engine?" "What about me, sir?" "Skarloey, Can you do it?" "I'll try." said the old engine.

The coaches don't have the platform. "I'm ashamed of you." scolded Skarloey, "You might have heard your passengers," the coaches quivered, "We're sorry Skarloey," The Guard blew the whistle. And the journey began.

Skarloey remembered all the gates and styles where he had to stop. That son shone, the rails were dry. "This is lovely." Sang Skarloey. Presently the line grew steep Skarloey fell short of steam. "Take your time," soothed his driver. "It will be better downhill," Skarloey said to himself, but it wasn't. His springs were weak and the rail joints jarred his wheels. At last a spring gave way. "I feel all crooked," cried Skarloey. "We'll need a bus now for our passengers." said his Driver. "No," pleaded Skarloey. "I'll get them to the station or burst."

James was waiting at the platform. Clagging and clanking Skarloey steamed in, "I'll do it. I'll do it, I've done it." James collected his passengers and respectfully puffed away. Everyone was pleased with Skarloey but he was still worried. "Old engines can pull trains like the young ones can." "They can if they're mended old faithful," smiled his driver. "And that's what's going to happen to you. You deserve it."

A Bad Day for Sir Handel

Skarloey and Rheneas work on the railway that weaves round the lakes and mountain sides. Their coaches are filled with visitors and the engines are proud to run the line come rain or shine.

The engines will never let the passengers down but they are old the tire more easily. Their drivers understood this and they spoke kindly to them. "There's more than enough work for you both on this railway. The manager is sending two more engines to help us run the line."

Skarloey and Rheneas were pleased with this news and promise to get the new engines a big welcome.

When Sir Handel and Peter Sam arrived, they found they had much to learn, "What a small shed." Grunted Sir Handel, "This won't do at all. We're much too smart for this old shack." "I think it's nice." said Peter Sam, "Huh," replied Sir Handel. "What's that rubbish?" "SSHHH!" said Peter Sam, "That's Skarloey he's famous," and he whispered to Skarloey. "I'm sorry Skarloey, Sir Handel's upset now. But he's quite nice, really?" Skarloey felt sorry for Peter Sam. "Now Sir Handel," said the fireman. "I will get you ready for work." "I'm tired, let Peter Sam go. He'd love it." "No, your first."

Sir Handel puffed away to fetch his coaches. He didn't like, the look of them at all. "Whatever next? those aren't coaches they're cattle trucks." "OOHHH!" screamed the coaches, "What a horrid engine." "It's not what I'm used to." clanked Sir Handel.

He rolled to the platform just as Gordon arrived. "Hello. How are you?" "I'm Gordon. Who are you?" "I'm Sir Handel. I've heard of you. You're an express engine. So am I. But I'm used to smart coaches, not these cattle trucks. Do you have smart coaches? I see you do. We must have a chat. Sorry. I can't stop. We must keep time you know." Gordon was speechless. Clouds of steam filled the air as Sir Handel huffed and puffed along the line. He was still cross when they reached the top station. Sir Handel was hoping for a rest but his driver thought otherwise. "We leave the coaches now and fetch some trucks from the quarry," "Trucks!" snorted Sir Handel. "Trucks! I won't so there." Sir Handel was about to cause a great deal of trouble. "Told You," said Sir Handel.

By the time the workman came to rescue him, Sir Handel was feeling rather silly. To make matters worse there stood The Fat Controller his message to Sir Handel was brief and blunt. "I shall talk to you later."

Then he and the fireman left with Peter Sam Sir Handel felt sillier still, "Come on," said his driver, "Let's get you back on the rails."

When Sir Handel croco he found The Fat Controller waiting for them.

"You're a very naughty engine. I hope I can trust you to buy a when you next come out of the shed."

After hearing that, I'm sure Sir Handel will, aren't you?

Peter Sam and the Refreshment Lady

Sir Handel had been naughty. So The Fat Controller made him stay in the shed for a while. Peter Sam was now busier than ever. He had to do Sir Handel's work as well as his own. He was very excited, and the firemen found him hard to handle. "Anyone would think that he wanted to work," said Sir Handel, who was lonely and bored. "All respectable engines do," replied Skarloey "Keep calm, Peter Sam, and you will do well." But Peter Sam was in such a state that he couldn't listen. He collected some coaches and went on his way.

Somehow the faster he wanted to go, the slower the journey became. When Peter Sam finally fussed into the station, Henry was already there, "This won't do, youngster," said Henry, "I can't be kept waiting. If you are late tonight I'll go off and leave your passengers behind." "PAH!" said Peter Sam, secretly he was a little worried, but not for long. The Guard blew his whistle and waved his green flag. Peter Sam, happily away singing a little song. "I'm Peter Sam. I'm running this line. I'm Peter Sam. I'm running this line. What fun in all these," he thought as he journeyed along the line. The Coaches enjoyed themselves too. They were growing fond of Peter Sam. Every afternoon they had to wait an hour at the station by the lake. The station has a little shops selling refreshments, The driver firemen and the guard by tea and cakes from the refreshment lady. At last, the waiting was over. And Peter Sam was sizzling with impatience "Peep! Hurry up please," he whistled to the passengers. "How awful," he thought. "If we miss Henry's train," The Guard was ready with his flag and whistle. The refreshment lady was making her way to the train. Then it happened.

The Guard says that Peter Sam was too impatient. Peter Sam says he was sure he heard the whistle anyway. He started "Stop, Stop, Stop." Wailed the coaches, "You've lefted the refreshment lady behind," "Bother," groaned Peter Sam. "We're sure to miss Henry now." The refreshment lady climbed aboard and they started again.

Peter Sam didn't sing anything. Instead, he hurried along the line as fast as his wheels and his driver would let him, They arrived at the big station just in time. "Hurray!" said Peter, Sam, he felt very relieved. "Not bad youngster," said Henry loftily. But the refreshment lady was still cross. "What do you mean by leaving me behind?" "I'm sorry refreshment lady," replied Peter, Sam. "But Henry said he might leave without us." Then the refreshment lady laughed. "You silly engine Henry was teasing you. He wouldn't have gone without our passengers. He's a guaranteed connection." "Well." said Peter Sam. "Where's that Henry." But Henry had chortled away.

Trucks

Every day where the little engines work, the crisp air is suddenly filled with a familiar noise. The lakes and mountains have many visitors and Harold the Helicopter flies the sky making sure that no one is in trouble.

"All present and correct. Time to return to base."

The Harold noticed something, A sturdy diesel was coming round the mountainside. Harold flew lower for a closer inspection.

"I'm Harold, who are you,"

"I'm Rusty, replied the diesel.

"Don't recall seeing you before what brings you this way?"

"The Fat Controller sent me to help the other engines," huffed Rusty. This was no time for a chat with a helicopter.

"Well done. Cheers and keep up the good work."

"Cheeky Chopper!" muttered Rusty, "Not long now," encouraged the driver. "We'll soon be at the top station."

Peter Sam and Sir Handel were glad to see Rusty, Even so Sir Handel wouldn't stop grumbling, the trucks didn't like Sir Handel and wanted to play tricks on him.

"No one understands our feelings," sympathised Gordon. "Now if you were ill, you couldn't shunt trucks could you?" "Good idea," replied Sir Handel "I'll try it." He did so next morning. "I don't feel well." he groaned. There wasn't time to examine him. So some of these trucks would couple behind Peter Sam's coaches. Rusty promise to follow with the rest. Peter Sam didn't mind the extra work. He left his coaches at the station and trundled cheerfully on.

Soon they reached the quarry where the trucks were needed. Empty trucks at the bottom of the slope are hitched to a steel rope loaded ones at the top a hitch to another by the weight loaded trucks run down the steep slope pulling the empty ones up.

Peter Sam duely waited at the bottom of the slope for the loaded trucks. He never bumped trucks unless they misbehaved but the loaded trucks couldn't see him properly. They thought he was Sir Handel. Their chance for trickery had come, "Faster, Faster," they yelled. "No No," wailed the empty trucks "It's Peter Sam." But it was no use, "Hurrah, Hurrah!" roared the trucks. Peter Sam shut his eyes.

"Peep Peep," wailed Peter Sam. Rusty was working nearby and came to help clear up the mess. "Bust my Buffers," exclaimed Rusty. "Never mind Peter, Sam. We'll get you out." Peter, Sam felt battered. His funnel was cracked and his boiler dented. "Thank you, Rusty." He sighed and went slowly home.

"I'm sorry about your accident." said Sir Handel. "I always stand well back. Trucks don't like me."

"Why didn't you warn me?" "I didn't think."

"You never do. You can start thinking now while you're doing Peter Sam's work as well as your own. That'll teach you to pretend you are ill."

Sir Handel this thinking about Gordon.

When the wreckage was cleared away, Rusty set off along the line.

"Splendid to see you again," whizzed Harold.

"I'm completing my evenings look about."

"Well done," replied Rusty. "Keep up the good work," and the little diesel purred back home.

Home at Last

Skarloey had been to the works to be mended. He felt much better. Rusty the Diesel was helping him off his truck. Skarloey hadn't met the little diesel before. "Rusty seems a kindly sort of engine." He thought to himself. "I help to mend the line and do odd jobs," explained Rusty. "I hear everyone is looking forward to seeing you again. Come on."

Peter Sam was feeling depressed. He was still getting over his accident, but he wanted to start work again. The Fat Controller wouldn't let him

"Another day's rest will do you good."

He said.

"Besides, I've got a surprise for you."

"For me, sir. How nice. What is it, sir?"

"Wait and see,"

The surprise was Skarloey "Oh," said Peter Sam. "I'm glad you've come home." They lit Skarloey's fire it sizzled happily. "I feel all excited." He said, "just like a young engine. Now, tell me all the news." "I see you've met Rusty." said Peter Sam. "Yes, I like that diesel." "So do I," replied Peter Sam. "It's a pity Duncan doesn't." "Who is Duncan?" "He came as a spare engine after my accident," replied Peter Sam. "Is he useful?" "He keeps busy and I'm sure he means well, but he's bouncy and rude. He sings and sways and swivels around. His driver calls it rock and roll." "I understand," said Skarloey bravely. His driver interrupted. "Duncan has done it again. He stuck in a tunnel. Come on. Old, boy. We'll have to get him out."

Skarloey was pleased he wanted forward to meeting Duncan. They found the guards van and some workmen and hurried up the line, "How nice and smooth the rails are," Thought Skarloey. "They mended all the old bumps, the little diesel help do that. What a difference Rusty's made to the line."

Quite soon they found Duncan, he was stuck at the far end of the tunnel and he was very cross. "I'm a plain blunt engine I speak as I find, tunnels shall be tunnels are not rabbit holes. This railway is no good at all."

"Don't be silly," snapped this driver. "This tunnel is quite big enough for engines who don't rock and roll." It took some while to clear away the rocks and set Duncan free again. Skarloey was able to push Duncan and his coaches safely through. The guards van was left on the siding and the workmen stayed to make sure everything was safe.

Duncan grumbled all the way home. For Skarloey paid no attention. Later The Fat Controller spoke severely to Duncan.

"Listen to me, There is nothing wrong with that tunnel. You stuck in it because you try to do rock and roll, tunnels are not dance floors and you are not a pop-star."

Then The Fat Controller gave us full attention to Duncan's funnel.

"If it happens again,"

He ended ominously.

"I'll shall find ways to cut you down to size in other words your career is... Aha ha ha ha... on the line, Need I say more."

Duncan thought The Fat Controller had said quite enough and he remained completely silent and still for at least a whole week.

Rock 'n' Roll

Skarloey the little engine loves all the sights and sounds along his line. and knows them very well. One morning soon after he returned from being mended, he was enjoying his journey more than ever before.

Along the way, he met Rusty "You know," he said, "If I couldn't see these familiar faces in places, I think I was on a different railway." "You've done wonders with these rails." Rusty laughed, "I'm glad you're pleased. Manager said let's mend the track so well. He won't know where he is. And we did. And you didn't. If you take my meaning," Skarloey like this hard working Diesel. "There's still one bad bit," warned Rusty, "Just before the first station and engine might come off there, particularly Duncan, He will rock and roll along the line, look at him right now. I shouldn't like his passengers hurt."

"What about me? I'm a plain speaking engine and I believe in plain speaking. Speak up."

Rusty warned Duncan about the bad bit of line.

"Huh!"

Grunted Duncan.

"I know my way about. I don't need smelly diesels to tell me what to do."

Rusty felt heard. Duncan banged about the yard then he clattered crossly to the station. James was already there waiting for him. "You're late." He snapped

"I know,"

said Duncan.

"It's that smelly diesel's fault. Rusty tries to teach me how to stay on the rails and then goes off leaving me find my own coaches."

"You poor engine," sympathised James, "I know all about diesels, one crept into our yard and ordered us about, I soon sent him packing," Duncan was filled with admiration. He didn't know that James was boastful and sometimes didn't tell the truth.

"Send Rusty packing, send Rusty packing,"

snorted Duncan. He climbed the hill furious. "Well done boy, Keep it up," encouraged his driver. Soon they were near the first station, Duncan was pleased.

"Nothing's happened. Nothing's happened. silly old diesel. clever me."

And he rocked and he rolled along the line. "Steady boy." Checked this driver, but it was too late.

"Sleepers and ballast. I'm off."

And he was. "I warned him," said Rusty, "But all he did was call me names." The little diesel refuse to move. "I'm ashamed of you Rusty," said Skarloey. "Think of the passengers. What are they going to do?" "Oh, I'd forgotten them. Yes, of course. We must help the passengers," and Rusty rolled into life. Duncan stood sad in solitary. He couldn't rock and roll now,

"Oh dear." He thought. "Everyone will know how silly I am."

The passengers had to get out and help to. They weren't very pleased about that but worked as hard as they could. They carefully leverd Duncan back on to the line. After that, Duncan was extra careful all day. At last evening came, "Rusty." He whispered. "Thank you for helping. I'm sorry I was rude to you."

"That's all right Duncan." "I wish all diesels but like you. Let's be friends." "Suits me," replied Rusty. "We'll mend that bad bit of rail first thing tomorrow."

Special Funnel

It was winter on the Island of Sodor. Peter Sam puffed nervous. His funnel had never been the same since his accident with some trucks. Now the biting wind was trying to blow it away.

"My funnel feels wobbly." He complained. "I wish manager would hurry up with my new one. He says it will be something special." "You and your special funnel," laughed the other engines. They will fond of Peter Sam but his special funnel have become quite a joke.

The winter winds grew worse. The rain came to turning hillside streams into tolerance which threatened to wash the line away. Rusty the Little Diesel worked hard carrying workmen up and down the line. They were removing branches and leaves so water could flow away. But one morning, Rusty's driver brought bad news. "There's been a washout near the tunnel. The track bad has been swept away. We must repair the damage immediately." The important work took longer than expected. As days went by the weather changed. It became frosty, much calmer. The workmen finished it last. Peter Sam was most careful as he took the morning train over that mended piece of track. Soon he approached the tunnel. It was short and curved so his driver could not see right through it. Peter Sam was heading for trouble. "There's something hanging from the roof." shouted his driver. Peter Sam came out of the tunnel, a different looking engine. He no longer had his funnel. "Here's what hit you Peter Sam." called the guard and he produced a thick cold icicle, they set off again. But without his funnel, the journey was very difficult.

Then his fireman saw an old drain pipe lying beside the track. "We'll use that instead of your funnel." At least it'll help control the smoke. Peter Sam finished this journey with a drain pipe wire to his boiler. The other engines laughed and Sir Handel sang a song about it.

"Peter Sam said again and again his new funnel will put us to shame went into the tunnel lost his old funnel now his famous new funnel's a drain."

The teasing continued, until at last the day came when his new funnel arrived. The Fat Controller proudly presented it. "Oh dear," explain Peter. Sam. "Someone squashed it." The Fat Controller laughed

"Don't worry Peter Sam. This funnel is something special indeed. You will soon see."

Peter Sam new funnel had special pipes which made puffing much easier. "I feel stronger than ever before," He hummed, Even Sir Handel was impressed. "I can't understand it, Peter Sam seems to just stroll along the line, He makes work look so easy." The engines don't laugh at Peter Sam's funnel now. They wish they had one like it.

Steam Roller

Sir Handel is very proud of his big sturdy wheels. They have broad tires and hold well to the rails but they are unusual one day the other engines wouldn't stop teasing him. "Look at his steam roller wheels." they joked. "Be quiet." snorted Sir Handel. "You're jealous." "Don't worry," soothed Peter Sam. "The engines all teased me about my special funnel until they learned how useful it is." "Did you hear that?" huffed Sir Handel. "My wheels are special like Peter Sam's funnel. I can go faster than any of you." Skarloey had a plan to make Sir Handel see sense. "With your grand wheels Sir Handel," said Skarloey "You're just the engine to tackle George." "Who's George?" "That steamroller over there," replied Skarloey. "Listen." The steamroller was making rude remarks about the engines,

"Railways are no good, turn them into roads, pull them up, turn them into roads. Railways are no good, turn them into roads, pull them up, turn them into roads."

"Don't worry," said Sir Handel. "Leave him to me. I'll send him packing." George will soon get a run for his money. Later that morning, George was a level crossing.

"Huh!"

He said,

"You're Sir Handel I suppose."

Sir Handel was standing no nonsense. "And you I suppose are George. Yes, I've heard of you."

"And I've heard of you. You swank around with your steamroller wheels pretending you're as good as me."

"Actually," retorted Sir Handel. "I'm better. Goodbye." George chuffed on fuming. Later that day, Sir Handel brought a special load down after the last train had gone, When he reached the road he saw George trundeling home Sir Handel tried to attract his attention. "Peep pip Peep!" George took no notice. That was barely room to pass. Sir Handel was cross. "Get out of my way you great clumsy roadhog."

"Huh! I don't move for imitation steamrollers."

huffed George. They lumbered along as the insults continued, then that was trouble

"AH!" cried Sir Handel. "That was your fault."

"No, it wasn't. It was yours."

Everyone was arguing about who was to blame. "Allo, Allo, Allo!" said a policeman ominously,

"And what's going on here?" This made everyone stop arguing they set to work clearing up the mess instead. The next day, the workmen put up a fence between the road and the railway then they went away. Taking George with them

Sir Handel thought he had made George go away. He talked of nothing but steamrollers. "Oh dear," whispered Skarloey "He's worse than ever. I'm sorry my plan was no good." "Never mind," said Rusty, "We'll think of something else." But they had no need to do that. Some boys arrived instead, they pointed to the engine and cried. "Look! Here's Sir Handel. He tried to race a steamroller. But the steam roller nearly beat him." Sir Handel never mentioned steamrollers now.

Passengers and Polish

Nancy is a Guard's daughter. One day she was working on Skarloey with some Polish and a rag. Skarloey was snoozing happily but Nancy wanted to talk. "Wake up lazy bones. Your brass is filthy. Aren't you ashamed?" "No," yawned Skarloey, "You're just an old fusspot." And Skarloey closed his eyes. He was thinking about his friend Rheneas, and all the good times they had shared together before Rheneas went away to be mended.

Nancy interrupted again. "Don't you want to look nice for when Rheneas comes home?" Skarloey wasn't sleepy anymore. "What, when?" "Soon Daddy told me. I'm going now." She said, "Nancy, stop. Do I really look nice. Please polish me again." "Now who's an old fusspot," laughed Nancy, and set to work once more. Duncan was jealous.

"Aren't you going to polish me too?"

"Sorry not today. I'm going now. I'm helping the refreshment lady this afternoon. We must get the ices ready for the passengers. Never mind, Duncan," she said. But Duncan did mind.

"It isn't fair."

He complained.

"Peter Sam gets a special funnel. Sir Handel gets special wheels. Passengers get ices but I'm not even polished."

Of course this wasn't true, but Duncan enjoyed complaining. He became sulkier still. That afternoon, there was bad news from the line. "One of Skarloey's coaches has come off the rails," called Duncan's driver. "We'll have to take the workman there right away."

"All this extra work."

grumbled Duncan,

"It wears an engine out."

"Rubbish. Come on." The derailed coach was in the middle of Skarloey's train, so he had gone on to the top station with his front coaches. Duncan shunted the works train into the sidings and left the workmen to sort out the mess. Then he brought the passengers in the rear coaches home.

He sulked all the way,

"I got no rest, I got no rest."

He muttered. Duncan made the journey very difficult. He was short of steam so his driver waited a while in the hope of raising more. But Duncan wouldn't try. "We'll keep our passengers waiting." Said his driver. Duncan was cross

"You always think about the passengers and never about me."

It wasn't long before Duncan built up enough steam to set off again. But he was still very grumpy and cross.

"I'm overworked and I won't stand it"

At last they reached the viaduct near the station. "Come on Duncan," called this driver. "One more effort and you'll have a rest in a drink at the station." Then Duncan was very rude.

"Keep your own station. I'm staying here"

And he did too, Skarloey had to haul Duncan and this train all the way to the platform. The passengers were furious. They told everyone what a bad railway it was. That night The Fat Controller spoke to Duncan. "No passengers means no polish." "No Polish means no passengers," Duncan muttered to himself. He still has a lot to learn, doesn't he?

Gallant Old Engine

Duncan would not stop grumbling. He grumbled that he wasn't polished enough. He grumbled that he was overworked. Most of all, he grumbled about the passengers. "I'm ashamed of you," Duncan said. Skarloey. "Thank goodness Rheneas is just coming home soon. Perhaps he'll teach you some sense before it's too late."

"What has Rheneas to do with me?"

"Rheneas saved our Railway," replied Skarloey. "Please tell us about it." said Peter Sam. "Well," began Skarloey "It was before you came here, things were bad, Rheneas and I had to keep the trains running or our railway would have to close." "How awful," murmured Peter Sam. "I tried hard," continued Skarloey. "But my old wheels ached. Rheneas understood." "It's my turn now. He'd tell me." "He was often short of steam, but he always struggled to a station and rested there." "I must stop between stations. He'd say, the passengers wouldn't like it."

"Huh!"

huffed Duncan, He had stopped on a viaduct and hadn't cared at all. "Passengers," continued Skarloey, "Get cross if you stop at the wrong places. Rheneas stopped in a wrong place once and this is what happened."

One wet and windy afternoon when the rails were damp. Rheneas was travelling home with a full train that were even passengers in the car. It wasn't a comfortable ride at all. Rheneas' wheels kept slipping, and it was a steep climb. At last his wheels gripped the rails again. "The worst is over," he thought. "Now we're away," But they weren't, "AHH! I've got cramp!" He growled. And Rheneas stopped on the loneliest part of the line. His driver examined him carefully. "Your valve gear has jammed. We need to reach the next station. Do you think you can still get us there?" "I'll try," replied Rheneas.

Rheneas did his best. "If I fail," he thought to himself, "The passengers will be cross and the railway will close." He was really too tired to make another turn of his wheels. But he did. And another, and another, and another. Finally tired but triumphant Rheneas reached the station. "I'm here at last." He wheezed.

"Thank you for getting us home," said the passengers. "We'll tell all our friends what a fine railway this is." His driver was delighted "You're a Gallant little engine." He said to Rheneas.

"When you're rested, will mend you so you'll be ready for tomorrow." "And," smiled Skarloey.

"Rheneas was always ready for tomorrow."

"Thank you for telling us about him."

Whispered Duncan.

"I was wrong. Passengers are important after all."

The next day, Rheneas came home, All the engines were there to greet him. Edward pushed his truck to the siding where he was lifted onto these rails. This was the signal for a chorus of whistles from engines large and small. Everyone was happy, and Rheneas was the happiest of all. "You know," he whispered to Skarloey, "This helps a little engine to feel that at last he has really come home."

Rusty to the Rescue

In springtime Rusty loves to visit a faraway place. It's filled with bluebells. The air smells sweet and Rusty thinks there is no better place to be. One day Thomas was passing by, just as Rusty was having a drink, "Peep Peep! Good morning." Whistled Thomas. "Your driver looks a little worried. I wonder why," "I don't know," said Rusty. "But I'll soon will, Excuse me," said Rusty. "But is something wrong?" "Yes indeed," replied the driver. "They need another engine to help run this special line." "A bluebell engine." laughed Rusty. "Maybe I can find more."

Later Rusty saw Douglas and Percy, Rusty had an idea. "Can you help me find another engine?"

"Where?"

"Where you found Oliver."

"You mean? On the other railway."

"Yes, I'm looking for a bluebell engine," said Rusty and explained everything.

"I'd like to help but these days it's only diesel's that go there."

Then Rusty decided, "So that's where I'll go."

"Take care."

Warned Douglas.

Rusty told the driver all about the plan. and that night he came back to the shed. "The manager says he'll make a home for a bluebell engine if you find one." "Right," said Rusty. "We'll find one tomorrow."

It took them all of the next day travelling to the other railway, darkness fell and the cold wind blew.

"Ooh, What's that?" murmured Rusty, But it was only the sounds of the lonely scrapyard, Diesel's silent and still lined up on. "Who are you?" Rusty plucked up courage. "I'm a shed and sidings inspection Diesel. Have you any engines in the shed?" "No, none!" Rusty rallied again. "Then eer, what about the sidings?" "One, We have One." Rusty grew braver still. "Then I'll just go and inspect."

A small engine with a tall funnel stood sad and alone in the shadowy siding. His driver was huddled in the cab keeping him company. "Excuse me," said Rusty. "Do you like bluebells?" The engine look startled. "Yes. bluebells are beautiful." "Then you'll soon going to see lots of them because I'm getting you out of here." Everyone worked fast.

It was difficult to set the fire but soon it was glowing hot and Stepney had a good head of steam. Rusty's engineer agreed to be Stepney's fireman. So off they set, Past a bleak and brooding line of diesels. "Where is he going?" They hissed. "Just down the line," replied Rusty, and they chuffed quickly away. "We've done it, we're over the border and back on our own railway, Mission accomplished."

When Rusty and the engine arrived in the valley, A big welcome awaited them. "We shall mend you and give you a new coat of paint," said the Manager. His driver was delighted. "You lucky old engine, you've been saved by the bluebell railway." "And my friend Rusty. I wouldn't be here if it weren't for Rusty."

Now the little engine is as happy as can be, and helps all the passengers who visit at bluebell time. His name is Stepney, but everyone calls him The Bluebell Engine.

Thomas and Stepney

Thomas the Tank Engine was feeling very happy. His Blue Coat shown in the sun. He was right on time and all around his branchline that countryside seem prettier than ever before.

"Peep Peep, Good morning Percy." He whistled, "My branch line is the pride of the line. Wouldn't you agree?" "Err Yes, Thomas, of course, but..." "But what Percy? out with it." "Well, there is another engine with a famous branch line too." "Who? Where?" exclaimed Thomas anxiously. "His name's Stepney, he's far away but The Fat Controller says he may visit us." "When?" "Oh, someday," and Percy hurried away.

Meanwhile, Stepney was puffing purposefully along his line. It runs through fields and forests, but isn't very long, which makes feel a little sad. Later he saw Rusty, the little diesel had helped saved Stepney from scrap. "Everyone has been so kind but my railway is so short and I do miss a good long run." "I think you should tell driver too." replied Rusty, "I'm sure he'll understand." Stepney soon discovered that indeed he did. "Do you know Stepney I feel just the same way." That evening Stepney's driver had exciting news. "Guess what Stepney, The Fat Controller has invited us to visit the other engines on his railway. Manager agreed. It will be a really long run to get there." "Oh, thank you," sighed Stepney. They set off next morning.

By now all the other engines were talking about Stepney, "He runs a famous branch line. Did you know that?" Said Percy. Thomas was feeling a little jealous, "Huh! It may be famous but my branch is first on the line, everyone knows that too," and he huffed away to fetch his coaches. "Look!" squeaked Percy. "Why have they all come? There is no train yet." But Percy was wrong. The signal dropped and from far away an engine whistled. "Here he comes!" Yelled Douglas. Stepney puffed proudly through the junction. All the engines were pleased to see him. "I hope you'll meet Thomas too," Said Edward "You both have branch lines to be proud of." Then Stepney set off to help Duck shunt coaches in the yard and they worked happily together all afternoon.

At last Thomas arrived. "Sorry, can't talk. It's time for my last branch line train. Mustn't be late." He was hardly out of sight. When the engines had shouting at the station, moments later came the alarm. "Stop all trains!" The signalman answered the telephone. "A special is it? I see." Thomas was impatient. "Why are we waiting? My passengers are being delayed." "Sorry Thomas," said his driver. "We're being shunted to allow another train to pass." Soon, they had an unfamiliar puffing sound. There was Stepney with headlamps swaying and whistle blowing. He gathered speed and disappeared. "Well Bust my boiler." said Thomas The Tank Engine. Next morning, Thomas was still fuming. "Shunted, and on my own branch too. It's a disgrace." "I'm sorry," said Stepney. "I was a special." "Why?" "An important passenger arrived just as you left. He ordered a special train and Duck let me take it. We had a splendid run but..." "But," Finished Thomas kindly. "It can make an engine nervous not to know the line." "Exactly," said Stepney, "You're such an expert." This made Thomas field much better. He couldn't be cross anymore and instead began telling Stepney all about his branch line.

Train Stops Play

Stepney The Bluebell Engine was busy talking to the other engines. It was his first visit to their railway and he was having a splendid time. "You are very lucky engines." He said. "Your line has got everything. It's long enough to give you a good run and you have plenty of passengers.

Then you have a quarry and a mine so you need plenty of trucks. Trucks are fun. I miss them on our line." Percy was surprised. All the engines thought trucks with trouble. "You're welcome to take some of mine." He said. "But you'd better ask driver first." Their drivers agreed and the two engines set off. Thomas and Toby was speechless. Stepney took the trucks to the harbour.

Then he picked up a load of empty ones and started back.

Ahead was a cricket field, The game had just begun. Stepney and his driver had to wait at a signal. "Good." said his driver. "We can watch the game." Then there was trouble. The batsman hit the ball it flew high into the sky towards Stepney's train. "CLUNK!" when the signal.

"THUMP!" went the ball into a truck, but neither driver nor fireman heard it. "STOP!" yelled the players, but Stepney didn't hear them. "Come along, come along." He puffed to the trucks. "Our one and only ball!" cried the players.

"Wake up Caroline," they said to their old car. "The chase is on." Caroline coughed crossly and roll down the road.

Stepney wasn't hurrying but Caroline soon came up behind him "TOOT! TOOT!" She wailed.

The players shouted but Stepney was still too far away for his driver and fireman to see or hear properly, They completely misunderstood. "If those jokers want to race," said the driver, "They can have one, Faster Stepney faster." Poor Caroline wasn't happy at all. She rattled along at twice a usual speed. "I shouldn't be treated like this." She grumbled. "This pace is too hot for my system. It'll fuse all my circuits."

Suddenly Stepney was nowhere to be seen. "Hurrah!" cried Caroline. "That Silly Train has run into a hole so we can't catch it. I can go home." But she couldn't her driver pounded Caroline on the steep hill and then down the other side towards the station. Stepney was already there when Caroline clutted in. "We need our ball back," cried the players and explained everything. The ball was nestled under some straw in the third truck from the van. "We found it!" cried a player. "We're sorry," Sighed the driver. "OH you couldn't help it," replied the player. "Now we must get back quickly." "You'll be lucky," said the driver. Caroline looks warn out and she was.

The driver spoke to the Stationmaster and the signal man and they all agreed a plan. Soon they had rolled Caroline onto a flat truck with a brake van coupled behind. The players crowded inside Stepney pulled the train back to the playing field.

Everyone enjoyed watching the game. Even Caroline's she doesn't think train's silly now. "They have the uses." She says. "They can save the wear on a poor cars wheels."

Bowled Out

Stepney's visit to The Fat Controller's railway was coming to an end.

"We shall miss you."

Said The Fat Controller and he turned his attention to all the other engines

"My railway is very busy and I am pleased with you but you need help. A Diesel is all that available, Please do your best to avoid any ERR, disturbances."

"What does that mean?" whispered Duck. "That means this Diesel is difficult." Snapped James.

And he was The Diesel surveyed the shed. "Not bad I've seen worse. At least you're all clean."

He sneered. The engines glared. "It's not your fault but your Controller should scrap you and get engines like me. A fill of oil a touch on the starter and I'm off no bother, no waiting. They have to fuss around you for hours before you're ready." The engines were furious. Next morning they held an indignation meeting around the turntable.

"Disgraceful!" Mumbled Gordon.

"Disgusting!"

said James. "Despicable," spluttered Henry.

"To say such things to us."

cried Donald and Douglas.

"It's to teach him a lesson we'd be wanting, now how do we do it?"

Their chance came sooner than expected. The Diesel was purring comfortably. An Inspector watched the fitter making final adjustments. The wind tugged to the Inspectors hat. The Diesel was ready. "Look at me Duck and Stepney, Now I'll show you something." He rolled proudly towards his coaches. Then it happened. Shaking and spluttering the Diesel stopped.

Meanwhile the Inspector was looking for this hat. The Diesel seathed with fury as Duck and Stepney pushed him back to the shed. "My hat!" exclaimed The Inspector, "You've sucked it through your air intake."

"Bother your hat,"

said The Fat Controller.

"The heavy trains due out. You will have to take it Duck. Stepney. Will you help please?"

"Thank you, sir." cried Stepney. "I'd like a good long run on my last day." The engines were soon ready.

"Gordon will take over from halfway. So get the train there. Good luck."

"Don't worry," smiled Stepney. "We'll get there and be early too." The cavalcade moved carefully over the rails and out to the open line. "Now for a sprint," puffed Stepney. "I'm ready when you are," replied Duck.

Soon they were whizzing through Edward's station. And next, they charged at Gordon's Hill beyond. They felt the drag of the heavy coaches here, It was hard work. At last as they were running smoothly along the line towards the big station. "Hello." Said Gordon. "You're early that's one in the headlamp for Old Diesel." "James says he's sick as boiler sludge and sulking in the shed." "Serves him right for saying we're out of date." And Gordon chortled away.

Next day, everyone came to say goodbye to Stepney. "Come back and see us soon." whistled the engines. "And you are always welcome on my Bluebell Railway too." replied Stepney, Then he puffed away, and what about Diesel, He slipped out whilst no one was looking. He said goodbye to no one but left two things behind. A rather nasty smell and a battered bowler hat.

Henry and the Elephant

Thomas the Tank Engine happily along his branch line with honey and Clara Fat Controller was waiting on the platform He looked at his watch.

"Well done Thomas, you are right on time and really reliable,"

"Thank you sir," whistled Thomas. "OOH! right on time and really reliable," Hummed the coaches. But the big engines were not feeling cheerful at all. "Where's Percy?" mumbled Henry. "He's supposed to fetch our coaches."

"When you get no rest,"

complained James. He edged angrily onto the turntable and spoke rudely to Henry.

"What's the matter Henry there's no rain today. Stop worrying and do some work instead."

"I'm not afraid of getting wet anymore." huffed Henry, "Anyway. You look silly enough to be a clown. You should be in a circus." "OH!" whistled Percy, "So you heard the news." "What news?" grunted Gordon. "About he circus."

"Percy, What are you talking about?"

"The circus has arrived," explained Percy. "I've been shunting special trucks, The Fat Controller needs your help too." The engines soon forgot to be tired and cross. Until, it was time for the circus to leave. Then Gordon and Henry were cross all over again when James got to pull the train away.

A little later that Fat Controller returned.

"Come along Henry a tunnel is blocked down the line. You must take some workmen to investigate."

"Pushing trucks pushing trucks." Grumbled Henry. They stopped outside the tunnel. The workmen went inside. It was very dark and quiet, but not too long.

"HELP!" Shouted the workmen, and they ran out. "We started to dig at the block but it grunted and moved," One said, "Rubbish," said the foreman. "It's not rubbish. It's big and alive. We're not going in there again." "Right," said the foreman. "I'll ride in the truck and Henry shall push it out." "Wheesh!" said Henry unhappily. He had been shut in the tunnel for being afraid of the rain, but this was worse. Something big and alive was inside. "Peep, Peep, I don't want to go in." "Neither do I." said this driver, "But we must clear the line." "Oh Dear, Oh Dear," Puffed Henry.

Then there was trouble. The block was indeed alive and very strong. It began to push the train backwards. Out of the tunnel came Henry. Then the trucks and last of all, a large cross elephant. "Well I never did," cried the foreman. The workman gave him some cake. He drank three buckets of water and was just about to drink another when Henry let off steam. "Oh!" cried the Elephant, Water went all over Henry, Poor Henry.

The Elephant and his keeper were soon reunited. But Henry was most upset. "An elephant pushed me. An elephant hushed me." That night he told the other engines all about it. Gordon and James felt sorry for Henry but still teased him. "First the rain then an elephant. Whatever will you be afraid of next?" "Nevermind Henry," murmured Thomas. "I think you were brave today and really reliable too."

Toad Stands By

Oliver had been to the works to be mended. Some Troublesome Trucks tricked him and the Great Western Engine fell into the turntable well. Now, Oliver was as good as new, but he was still worried about trucks. "I'd rather not use them." He puffed to himself. But the trucks, sang songs rude and loud, Scruffey their leader lead the chorus.

"Oliver is no use at all, Thinks he's very clever, Says that he can manage us, That's the best joke ever, When he orders us about, with the greatest folly, We just pushed him down the well, Pop Goes Old Ollie!"

Thomas, Duck and Percy was shocked, "Be quiet!" they ordered. But they couldn't be everywhere and everywhere they weren't that trucks began again,

"Oliver is no use at all, Thinks he's very clever, Says that he can manage us, That's the best joke ever."

At last the engines gave up, "We're sorry Oliver." They said. "It's really my fault." said Oliver sadly. "I shouldn't have fallen in the turntable well," Toad the Brake Van felt sorry for Oliver too. Next morning he spoke to Douglas. "I'm worried Mr. Douglas, this disrespect for engines.

Where's it going to end?"

"Who knows?"

Sighed, Douglas, "I've got a plan. Mr. Douglas. May I stay here today and help Mr. Oliver? We are both Great Western and must stand together."

"Of course, Toad,"

Replied Douglas. and puffed away.

Soon Toad was explaining his plan. "Goodness gracious Toad. I don't think you should suggest such a thing to Oliver." But Oliver interrupted, "No Duck, Toad's right. It's really my fault. I must put this trouble right?" "I meant no disrespect you understand?" "Of course not Toad anyway, Driver says the same and he's arranged it with the stationmaster." "Very well Oliver," conceded Duck. "But I must hurry, My passengers will be waiting. Good luck." "So long," smiled Oliver, bravely. But he felt dreadfully nervous inside.

Oliver marshalled the worst trucks two by two. "That's the way Mr. Oliver," whispered Toad. "And if you leave that Scruffey to last You'll have him behind you, then you can bump him as he starts his nonsense."

"Hold back, Hold back." whispered Scruffey, "And pass the word to the others." The silly trucks giggled. But Oliver knew what to do. There was plenty of sand on the rails and his wheels gripped splendidly. He gave a great heave. "OOH!" groaned Scruffey, "I don't like this."

"Do it!" yelled Duck "Well done boy, Well done!" "OOH!" wailed Scruffey. "OOH!"

"I'M COMIN APART!"

And he did. Then there was trouble

"Well Oliver so you don't know your own strength is that it?"

"N-No, Sir," said Oliver nervously. The Fat Controller inspected Scruffey.

"As I thought. Rotten wood, Rusty frames, Maybe if we put you back together you learn yourself a better name."

Nowadays, Oliver only takes the trucks when the other engines are busy, but they are always quick to warn each other. "Take care with Mr. Oliver. If you play tricks on him, you'll never be the same track again." Scruffey has learned his lesson and says nothing at all.

Bulls Eyes

Toby The Tram Engine has cow catchers and sideplates. They help to prevent animals from getting hurt if they should stray onto the line. Daisy thought Toby's fenders were silly. "You're afraid of getting hurt yourself." She flounced. "I'm not," huffed Toby. "You are. I've not got stupid cow catchers, but I'm not frightened. I just toot and they'd all go away." "But they don't," said Toby simply. "They would with me. Animals always run if you toot and look them in the eye." "Even Bulls?" "Even Bulls," said Daisy confidently. Daisy had never met a bull, but she purred away quite unconcerned.

She tooted at the farm crossing and a horse and cart halted while she went by. "Poo," she said. "It's easy, I just toot and they all stand aside, Poor little Toby. I'm sorry, he's frightened." At the next station, a policeman was waiting. "There's a bull on the line," he warned. "Please persuaded to return to the farmer." Daisy was excited. "Now," she thought. "I'll show Toby how to manage Bulls."

Champion isn't really a fierce Bull but this morning he was cross, He strayed from his field, crashed through a fence slithered down a slope and now he didn't know where he was.

Suddenly he saw some grass. "Now for my breakfast," He thought.

"Ooh!" Tooted Daisy, "Go on!" Champion was too busy chomping to take any notice. "Ooh! Ooh!" said Daisy again. Champion kept grazing. "This is all wrong." thought Daisy, "How can I look him in the eye if he won't turn around?" At last He did, "MMM!" said Champion. "Ur, Ooh," murmured Daisy, "Why doesn't he run away?" "Go on Daisy," said her driver. "He's harmless." "Yes," said Daisy unhappily, "You know he's harmless, and I know he's harmless, but does he know? look at his horns. If I bumped into him, he might hurt me. eer, then the farmer wouldn't like that."

Champion sniffed at Daisy, "Oof!" said Daisy, at that was that. Daisy did no more.

Toby was bemused and amused to see her back in the station so soon. "Bulls always run away if you toot and look him in the eye, Ey Daisy?" Daisy stayed silent. "Ah well," continued Toby.

"We can live and learn I'd better chase him away for you I suppose." He clanked away to find Champion.

Toby's bell rang and his whistle sounded, but Champion took no notice. Then Toby hooshed loudly. That did the trick, Toby hooshed a little more, And breakfast over. Champion chunted are the way to join the farmer.

Daisy was feeling exhausted. She was glad when her day's work was over. Some boys were on the platform. "Look Daisy," one teased. "I've got some sweets. They're called Bulls eyes. I like them. Did you?" "MMM!" Said Daisy, "Keep your old Bulls eyes." And she's scuttled to her shed.

Thomas and the Special Letter

One evening Thomas brought his last train to the junction. Percy was glad to see him. "Are you on your way to the big station Thomas?" "Yes I am. Why?" "Because I'm going there too." "I think something's up." Toby looked at the sky. "Where?" "Not there down here," laughed Thomas. "How can something be up when it's down?" Thomas was too excited to explain. "Bust My Buffers! Look over there." Mavis, BoCo, Bill, Ben, Donald, Oliver and Douglas Paraded past. "Good evening, you three."

Whistled Donald.

"Aren't we all a fine sight."

"Very splendid indeed," admired Toby,

"Sorry we can't stop. The Fat Controller wants us all together at the station."

"What is this about?" asked Thomas. "The Fat Controller has a plan," answered his driver.

"Come on." So they followed the other engines to the big station at end of the line.

"SILENCE!"

called The Fat Controller,

"I have an important letter to read from a little girl who is five years old."

"Dear Thomas and only engines please can I meet you? My friends say they would like to meet you too. You could come to my house for tea, but my mummy says there aren't any railway tracks to my house. Can you come to the station instead? Thank you very much."

"It seems,"

continued The Fat Controller.

"That there are many girls and boys who would like to meet you. Therefore, we are all going to the big city far away."

"Hurray, Hurray!" The engines whistled.

"SILENCE!"

called The Fat Controller.

"Other engines will be working here while you are away so please show them what to do."

As Annie and Clarabel we're going to the big city to Thomas and Oliver practiced with some other coaches. Thomas grew more and more excited. Too excited for his own good. "I'm glad I'm a splendid engine," he puffed. "The Fat Controller thinks I'm really useful. I had a race with Bertie once. I whoosed through the tunnel and stopped an inch from the buffers." Then Thomas made his mistake, "Just like this," he boasted. No one was hurt. But Thomas' front was badly bent. They telephoned to The Fat Controller. "I'll send up the workmen." He said, "But if they can't mend Thomas in time, We'll have to go to the big city without him." Poor Thomas. Eight o'clock next morning, the engines waited at the junction. Toby and Percy were each on a truck and Duck had pushed them into place behind Edward Gordon, James and Henry were waiting to lead off, They whistled impatiently. The Fat Controller looked at his watch.

"I'll wait one more minute for Thomas then we have to go." "Oh, thank goodness, you're still here." panted Thomas. "I hope we're not late as it's just after eight." The gaurd blew his whistle and wave this flag. The engines cheered. "Look out Big city here we come," and the cavalcade puffed away. Later in the big city, all the engines were lined up in a splendid shed. The children were delighted to meet their friends. "I'm glad the little girl wrote to us." whispered Thomas to Percy. "Isn't it wonderful? What happiness a letter can bring."

Paint Pots and Queens

Gordon The Big Engine and Thomas the Tank Engine puffed buffer to buffer back home. It had been a busy day. First Thomas had teased Gordon about the time that the big engine had slid into a ditch. Then Thomas fell down a mine and Gordon came to his rescue. "Remember Thomas," called Gordon grandly, "United we stand, Together we fall, You help me and I'll help you." "I'll remember," replied Thomas, "But I hope The Fat Controller forgives us soon." Suddenly, they notice something. As the two engines whistled into the shed everywhere they look they saw paint pots and painters. "Bust My Buffers!" said Thomas. "What's happening?" "Ssh," whispered Percy, "The Fat Controller's going to tell us now."

"Ladies, Gentlemen and Engines. I am honoured to inform you that her Majesty the Queen herself is coming here to visit us. Now, on with the preparation."

The engines wondered who would pull the Royal train. "I'm too old to pull important trains," said Edward sadly. "I'm in disgrace," sighed Gordon gloomily.

"He'll choose me of course,"

boasted, James. "You," snorted Henry. "You can't climb hills. He will ask me to pull the train and I'll have a new coat of paint."

Then the rain came. Henry's driver and fireman covered up their cab to keep dry. A painter was on the ladder above the line. Henry's smoke blew high into the air. The painter couldn't see both he and the paint pot fell all over Henry. Poor Henry

"Well, you're not a pretty picture." snired the painter. The Fat Controller spoke next.

"You look like an Ice cake Henry, That won't do for the Royal train, I must make other arrangements."

Gordon and Thomas we're waiting for him. "Please Sir,"

"One at a time,"

replied The Fat Controller.

"Yes Gordon?"

"May Thomas have his branch line again?"

"Hmm, I think you are both very sorry and deserve a treat. Edward will go in front to clear the line. Thomas will look after the coaches, and Gordon will pull the train."

The great day came. All the engines worked hard bringing people to the town. Thomas sorted out their coaches in the yard.

Edward steamed in. "Peep! The queen is here." Then Gordon whistled as he approached the station, everyone knew that sound. The Queen's train glided into the station Gordon was spotless and his brash shone brightly.

The Fat Controller stood to attention.

"Welcome Maam,"

The Queen thank him for a splendid run and asked to see all the engines. "Peep! Peep!" whistled Toby and Percy. "Ssh," hissed Henry and James. But Toby and Percy didn't care, "Three cheers for the Queen," "Peep! Peep!" whistled the engines. When it was time to leave, the Queen spoke specially to Thomas who fetched her coaches, then to Edward, and finally to Gordon who took her away. No engines ever felt prouder than those on The Fat Controller's Railway.

Fish

On starry nights when the moon is full and the air still, you can hear the sounds of faraway ships, and distant laughter, they echo over the hills and through the valley, Down calm canals and sleepy inlets. Every engine knows that these are the sounds that say the harbour is hard at work at the big station by the sea.

One night, a special load of fish was ordered. The Fat Controller decided that extra vans must be added to the train that the men called The Flying Kipper. The only vans available were old ones, they have not been used for a long time. Henry waited impatiently by the key side, as Duck shunted them into position. Thomas puffed by with the mail train

"Hello Duck, Going fishing? I take care of if I were you." "Why?" huffed Duck. "Well, for one thing," puffed Thomas remembering his own experience. "If fish get into an engine's boiler, they always cause trouble. And for another, Fish can be awfully smelly. And I know what I'm talking about. Good night."

Henry grunted dreadfully. "You'll just have to put up with it Henry," said his driver. "At least the extra load will mean you can have another engine help us up Gordon's Hill."

Meanwhile, Duck was waiting at Edward's station so that he could help the heavy train by pushing from behind.

Henry made good progress. When they reach that good station, his drivers stop the train beyond the platform. Then, Henry gave a special signal. "Peep, Peep, Peep, Peep! I need help please." "Peep, Peep!" replied Duck, "I shan't be long." Duck buffered gently up to Henry's train. He was not coupled on. Henry would then be able to run on without stopping when they reach the top of the hill, "Ready," whistled Duck. And off they set.

Soon they reached Gordon's Hill. "Push hard, Push hard," puffed Henry. "We're doing it we're doing it," replied Duck. Henry was pulling his train harder than he realised.

Duck felt the weight on his buffers slacken, then Duck notice something else. "There's no sign of a tail lamp," he puffed. He whistled but there was no reply. Meanwhile Henry had noticed something too. "My train's getting heavier." He thought to himself, "I'm slowing down." Then there was trouble.

No one was hurt, but a strong smell of fish hung in the air.

Next day, workmen found the broken tail lamp at the bottom of the hill. The Fat Controller spoke kindly to Duck,

"The accident wasn't your fault. We should have checked that this tail lamp was fixed on properly. We'll soon have you in working order again."

"Thank you, Sir," said Duck sadly. "Thomas told me to be careful about fish. They got me in a right pickle, didn't they?"

Special Attraction

Toby The Tram Engine was very excited. He was wearing a brand new Bell that shone like gold. He was off to the seaside, His driver was explaining everything as they puffed along the line. "There's a seaside village near here, and every year they have a big parade with a special attraction for all the visitors."

"This year, Toby, you're the special attraction." "Thank you Sir," said Toby. "But what does a special attraction do?" "Oh, just smiles and blows whistles at everyone." Replied his driver. "We're almost there. Listen, you can hear the seagulls."

Soon, they reached the little station by the village. But instead of a big welcome there was just one man. He whispered to Toby's driver and turn sadly away. "Well, if that doesn't take the biscuit," said Toby's driver. "They've run out of room in the parade and don't need a special attraction after all, We've got to go home, Toby. I'm sorry old boy." "So am I," sighed Toby. Percy was shunting in the yard. He didn't expect to see Toby. "What are you doing back so soon?" Before Toby could reply, The Fat Controller arrived.

"Leave these trucks here please Percy. There's an emergency at the harbour."

"Come on, Percy," said his driver. "This will be trouble with Bulstrode." "Who's Bulstrode?" wondered Percy. He was still surprised about Toby and now he had two puzzles to sort out his driver explained. "Bulstrode as a disagreeable barge, He never stops complaining." His driver was right about Bulstrode. Today the barge was more bad tempered than ever. "Come on, come on. Why aren't you trucks where you should be?" "There's no engine and we can only go where we're put," shouted the trucks. "You're in the wrong place, not us."

When Percy arrived, Bulstrode was sulking and the trucks were crosser still. "Our stone is for Bulstrode. Please put us in the siding so that we can load him up and be rid of him." But the trucks were being careless, As Percy was lining them up, they burst through some buffers.

"Help! Help!" they wailed It was too late.

"Ugh!" cried Bulstrode. "I'm sinking." "Serves you right." giggled the trucks. "You were always barging in and moaning." It took a very long time to clear the mess. Percy watched as Bulstrode was towed to the beach. "There you are," said the workmen. "Now you can just stay here. Children can play in you all day and at long last you'll be useful."

When Percy got home, He and Toby exchanged all their news. "Well, we've both have some seaside surprises today," laughed Toby, "But driver says that I'm a special attraction anyway and so are you. Everytime we go on our own line." "What do you mean?" asked Percy. "Well, all we have to do is smile and blow whistles at everyone."

Mind That Bike

If one morning you were to ride in Bertie The Bus, You would run down the winding country road with him. Cross over stone wall bridges and travel pass Thomas' branchline. Then you would hear Bertie's friendly greeting as he sees one of his friends pass by. His name is Tom Tipper the Postman.

Everyday, Tom travels chiefly around the Island of Sodor. He stops at stations collecting letters and parcels from Thomas' and Percy's mail train. Then he delivers the mail to farms and cottages far and wide.

The engines know that anywhere their rails won't reach. Tom Tipper will collect their post and deliver it safely come rain or shine. He's always ready to help load mailbags onto the trains too.

"Thank you Tom." whistles Percy. "Yes, indeed," agrees Thomas. "You're a really useful postman." "Ah." replies Tom. "But where would I be without my van, we make a grand pair."

One day Tom wasn't at the platform, a postman they didn't know dump the bags on the platform and disappeared. "What happened to Tom?" wondered Percy. "And his old van," said his driver.

"No wonder the new postman looks cross, Trying to carry mailbags on a bicycle would make anyone miserable."

Next morning, the engines were glad to see Tom back again. But he looks very sad.

"Postmaster decided my van was too expensive to run. The rounds take longer on my bike. I'm sorry. I can't stop to help you." "I wish I could cheer Tom Tipper up," sighed Percy The Small Engine. He was just wondering how this might be done when his thoughts were rudely interrupted. A man was shouting at Tom Tipper, "You've got to come back to The Fat Controller's office. He needs you to sign some important papers right away." "Oh dear," replied Tom Tipper.

"This is going to make me later still." He was in a hurry and being careless. He propped himself against Percy's mail truck and rushed away. "Stop!" cried Percy, But Tom was out of sight there was worse to come. Percy's driver hadn't seen the bike and he started away. "Oh No!" cried Percy. "Now there'll be trouble and there was." Percy's driver quickly stopped the train.

Everyone came running to the scene. Tom Tipper's bicycle was in pieces.

"I'm sorry Mr. Tipper." apologised Percy. "Never mind Percy," said the postman. "It wasn't your fault, but now I've only got my legs to get the mail delivered. Whatever will happen next," Tom tipper soon found out.

Next day, he was waiting happily for Percy. "Peep, Peep!" whistled Percy. "Is that a smart new van I see?" "It is indeed, That accident did me a good turn Percy. My chief decided a new van would do the job. Much better than another bike and worth the expense. Now, I can always be on time again."

"So I did help." beamed Percy. "But by accident as you might say."

